

THE
D R A G O N
O F
W A N T L E T.
A
BURLESQUE OPERA.

The MUSICK
By Mr. JOHN FREDERICK LAMPE,
And Performed at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in *Covent-Garden.*

*Moderniz'd from the OLD BALLAD after
the Italian Manner, by Sig. CARINI.*

The FIFTH EDITION.



THE

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SHUCKBURGH, at the *Sun* near the
Inner-Temple-Gate in *Fleet-street*, 1737.

(Price Six-pence.)

(4)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Dragon, Mr. REINHOLD.

Moore of Moore-Hall, Mr. SALWAY,

Gaffer Gubbins, Father to Margery, } Mr. LAGUERRE.

Margery, Miss ISABELLA YOUNG.

Mauxalinda, Miss ESTHER YOUNG.

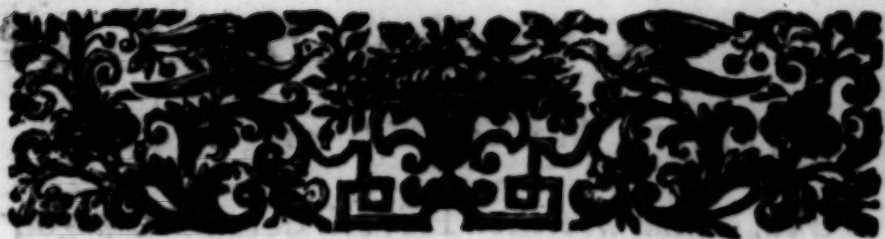
CHORUS



and Swains.

SCENE *that Part of Yorkshire near Rotheram.*

THE



T H E
DRAGON of *WANTLEY*.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Rural Prospect.

C H O R U S.

FLY, Neighbours, fly,
 The Dragon's nigh,
 Save your Lives and fly ;
 Away, away,
 For if you stay,
 Sure as a Gun you die.
 Fly, &c. [Exeunt.

[The Dragon crosses the Stage.

S C E N E

SCENE, *A Hall.*GUBBINS, MARGERY, *and* CHORUS.

Gub. What wretched Havock does this Dragon
make !

He sticks at nothing for his Belly's Sake :
Feeding but makes his Appetite the stronger,
He'll eat us all, if he 'bides here much
longer !

CHORUS.

*Houses and Churches,
To Him are Geese and Turkies.*

Marg. O Father ! Father ! as our noble 'Squire
Was sate at Breakfast by his Parlour Fire,
With Wife and Children, all in pleasant
Tattle,
The Table shook, the Cups began to rattle ;
A dismal Noise was heard within the Hall,
Away they flew, the Dragon scar'd them all :
He drank up all their Coffee at a Sup,
And next devour'd their Toast and Butter
up.

A I R.

A I R.

*But to hear the Children mutter,
When they'd lost their Toast and Butter,
And to see my Lady moan,
Oh! 'twould melt a Heart of Stone.*

*Here the 'Squire with Servants wrangling;
There the Maids and Mistress jangling,
And the pretty hungry Dears
All together by the Ears,
Scrambling for a Barley-Cake :
Oh! 'twould make one's Heart to ake.
But to hear, &c.*

Gub. This Dragon very modish, sure, and nice is:
What shall we do in this diastrous Crisis?

Marg. A Thought, to quell him, comes into
my Head;

No way more proper than to kill him dead.

Gub. O Miracle of Wisdom! rare Suggestion!
But how, or who to do it, that's the Question.

Marg. Not far from hence there lives a valiant
Knight,

A Man of Prowess great, and mickle Might :
He has done Deeds St. George himself might
brag on;

Marg. This very Man is he shall kill the Dragon.

A I R.

A I R.

*He's a Man ev'ry Inch, I assure you,
 Stout, vig'rous, active and tall;
 There's none can from Danger secure you,
 Like brave gallant Moore of Moore-Hall.
 No Giant or Knight e'er quell'd him,
 He fills all their Hearts with Alarms;
 No Virgin yet ever beheld him,
 But wish'd herself clasp'd in his Arms.*

C H O R U S.

*Let's go to his Dwelling,
 With Telping and Telling;
 We'll move him to Pity,
 And tell him, and tell him a sorrowful
 Ditty. [Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *Moore-Hall**Symphony.*

MOORE and his Companions.

Moore. Come, Friends, let's circulate the
 cheerful Glass;
 Let each true Toper toast his favourite Lads.
 Sound all your Instruments of Joy, and play:
 Let's drink and sing, and pass the Time away.

A I R.

A I R.

Zeno, Plato, Aristotle,
All were Lovers of the Bottle ;
Poets, Painters and Musicians,
Churchmen, Lawyers and Physicians,
All admire a pretty Lass,
All require a cheerful Glass.
Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season,
Love and Drinking are no Treason.
 [Zeno, &c.]

Enter GUBBINS, MAUXALINDA, MARGERY, and others.

C H O R U S.

O save us all !
Moore of Moore-Hall !
Or else this cursed Dragon
Will plunder our Houses,
Our Daughters and Spouses,
And leave us the Devil a Rag on.
 [O save, &c.]

B

A I R.

A I R.

*Marg. Gentle Knight ! all Knights exceeding,
 Pink of Prowess, and good Breeding,
 Let a Virgin's Tears inspire thee ;
 Let a Maiden's Blushes fire thee.*

*Moore. (aside) Her Looks shoot thro' my Soul,
 her Eyes strike Fire ;*

I'm all a Conflagration of Desire.

*(To her) Fair Maid, I grant whatever you can
 ask,*

*The Deed is done, when once you name the
 Task.*

Marg. The Dragon, Sir, the Dragon !

Moore. Say no more,

You soon shall see him weltring in his Gore.

*Marg. Most mighty Moore ! do but this Dra-
 gon kill,*

All that we have is wholly at your Will.

*Moore. The only Bounty I require, is this,
 That thou may'st fire me with an ardent Kiss ;
 That thy soft Hands may 'noint me over
 Night,*

And dress me in the Morning e'er I fight.

A I R.

((I I))

A I R.

Marg. *If that's all you ask,
My Sweetest,
My Featest,
Compleatest,
And Neatest,
I'm proud of the Task.*

Maux. (*overbearing.*) A forward Lady ! she
grows fond apace,

But I shall catch her in a proper Place.

Moore. Leave her with me ; conclude the Dra-
gon dead :

If I don't maul the Dog, I'll lose my Head.

[*All go off but Moore and Margery.*

D U E T T O.

Moore. *Let my Dearest be near me ;*

Marg. *I'll ever be near thee.*

Moore. *To warm me, to cheer me ;*

Marg. *To warm thee, to cheer thee.*

Moore. *To fire me, inspire me ;*

Marg. *To fire thee, inspire thee*

Both. *With Kisses and Ale.*

Moore. *Your Fears I'll abolish;*

Marg. *This Dragon demolish.*

Moore. *I'll work him;*

Marg. *Ay, work him.*

Moore. *I'll jerk him;*

Marg. *Ay, jerk him*

Both. *From Nostril to Tail.*

[*Let my, &c.*

MOORE leads off MARGERY; MAUXALINDA enters, and pulls him back by the Sleeve.

Maux. O Villain! Monster! Devil! Basely base!
How can you dare to look me in the Face?
Did you not swear last *Christmas* we should
marry?

Oh, 'tis enough to make a Maid miscarry!
Witness this Piece of Six-pence, certain
Token

Of my true Heart, and your false Promise
broken.

Moore. The Devil's in the Woman! What's
the Matter?

Maux. Now you insult me; Time was, you
cou'd flatter.

Moore. Upon my Soul, I don't know what you
mean!

Maux. Don't you know *Margery of Roth'ram-
Green?*

Moore.

Moore. Not I, upon my Honour.

Maux. That's a Lie.

What do you think I've neither Ear nor Eye.
Villain! I will believe my Eyes and Ears!
She whom you kiss'd, and call'd ten thousand
Dears.

(Sings mocking) *Let my Dearest be near me, &c.*

Moore. (aside.) By Jove! I'm blown. Zounds!
how came this about?

However, I'm resolv'd to stand it out.

To Maux. I only out of Policy was civil;
But, 'faith, I hate her as I hate the Devil.
You're all I value, witness this close Hug,
I'm yours, and only yours.

Maux. Ah Coaxing Pug!

Moore. My pretty *Mauxy*, prithee don't be
jealous.

Maux. Dear me! you Men are such bewitching
Fellows;

You steal into our Hearts by sly Degrees,
Then make poor Girls believe just what you
please.

A I R.

Moore. *By the Beer, as brown as Berry;
By the Cyder and the Perry,
Which so oft has made us merry,
With a Hy-down, Ho-down-derry,
Mauxalinda's I'll remain,
True Blue will never stain.*

Maux.

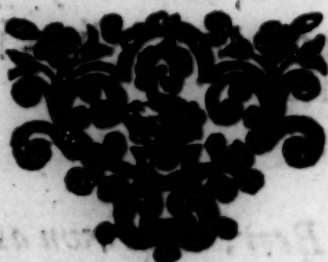
Maux. But do you really love me ?

Moore. By this Kifs,
By Raptures past, and Hopes of future Blifs.

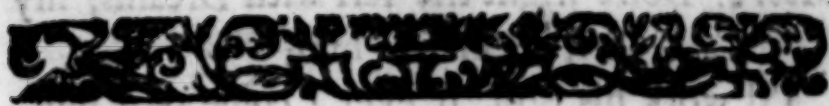
D U E T T O.

*Pigs shall not be
So fond as we ;
We will out-coo the Turtle Dove.
Fondly toying,
Still enjoying,
Sporting Sparrows we'll out-love.*

End of the First A C T.



A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Garden.

MARGERY *sola.*

SURE my Stays will burst with sobbing,
And my Heart quite crack with throbbing.
My poor Eyes are red as Ferrets,
And I ha'n't a Grain of Spirits.

[*To her Moore.*

Moore. My *Madge*! my Honey-suckle, in the
Dumps!

Marg. Put your Hand here, and feel my Heart
how't thumps.

Moore. Good lack a day! how great a Palpi-
tation!

Tell me, my Dear! the Cause of this Vexation.

Marg. An ugly Dream has put me in a Fright;

I dreamt the Dragon slew my gentle Knight:

If such a thing should happen unto thee,

O miserable, miserable, *Margery*!

Moore.

Moore. Don't fright thy self with Dreams, my
Girl, ne'er fear him,

I'll work his Buff, if ever I come near him.
I've such a Suit of spiked Armour bought,
Bears, Lions, Dragons, it will set at nought :
In which, when I'm equip'd, my *Madge*
shall see,

I'll scare the Dragon, not the Dragon me.
But Time grows short, I must a while away.

Marg. Make haste, my Dear!

Moore. My Duck! I will not stay.
[Exit.

Enter MAUXALINDA to MARGERY.

Maux. So Madam! have I found you out at
last?

You now shall pay full dear for all that's
past.

Were you as fine as e'er wore Silk or Sattin,
I'd beat your Harlot's Brains out with my
Pattin,

Before you shall delude a Man of mine.

Marg. Who in the Name of Wonder made
him thine?

Maux. D'ye laugh, you Minx! I'll make you
change your Note,

Or

Or drive your grinning Grinders down your
Throat.

D U E T T O.

Insulting Gipsy,

Your surely tipsy,

Or non se ipse,

To chatter so.

Your too much feeding

All Rules exceeding,

Has spoil'd your Breeding,

Go, Trollop, go.

Insulting, &c.

Marg. Lauk, what a monstrous Tail our Cat
has got !

Maux. Nay, if you brave me, then you go
to pot.

Come, Bodkin, come ! take *Mauxalinda's*
Part,

And stab her hated Rival to the Heart.

[*Goes to kill Margery,*
she swoons.]

C

Enter

Enter MOORE, takes away the Bodkin.

Moore. Why, what the Devil is the Woman doing!

Maux. To put an End to all your Worship's Wooing.

Moore. 'Tis well I came, before the Whim went further;
Had I stay'd longer, here had sure been Murder.

This cursed Jade has thrown the Girl in Fits.
How do'st, my Dear?

[*Margery Recovers.*

Marg. Frighted out of my Wits.

Moore. But fear her not, for by her own Confession,
I'll bind her over to the Quarter-Session.

A I R.

Maux. O give me not up to the Law,
I'd much rather beg upon Crutches;
Once in a Solicitor's Paw,
You never get out of his Clutches.

Marg.

Marg. Come, come, forgive her.

Moore. Here my Anger ends.

Maux. And so does mine.

Moore. Why then let's burs and Friends:
[*Kiss round.*

T R I O.

Matx. Oh how easy is a Woman,
How deluding are you Men!
Oh how rare, to find a true Man,
Not so oft as one in ten.

Moore. Oh how charming is a Woman,
Form'd to captivate us Men;
Yet so eager to subdue Man,
That for one she covets ten.

Marg. Let's reward them as they treat us,
Women prove sincere as Men;
But if they deceive and cheat us,
Let us e'en cheat them again.

Omnes. Let's reward them as they treat us, &c.

Enter GUBBINS.

Gub. Now, now, or never save us, valiant
Moore!

The Dragon's coming, don't you hear him
roar?

Moore. Why let him roar his Heart out, 'tis
no matter :

Stand clear, my Friends, this is no Time to
chatter.

Gub. Here take your Spear.

Moore. ——— I scorn Sword, Spear, or Dart ;
I'm arm'd compleatly in a valiant Heart.
But first I'll drink, to make me strong and
mighty,
Six Quarts of Ale, and one of *Aqua Vite*.

C H O R U S.

*Fill, fill, fill a mighty Flagon,
Kill, kill, kill this monstrous Dragon.*
[Excunt.]



A C T



A C T III. S C E N E I.

A rural Prospect near the Dragon's Den.

Enter MOORE in Armour, and MARGERY.

Moore. **O** Ne Bufs, dear *Margery*, and then a-way.

Marg. I cannot go, my Love !

Moore. You must not stay.

Get up, sweet Wench, get up in yonder Tree,
And there securely you may hear and see.

[*Margery gets up into the Tree.*

Come, Mr. *Dragon*, or by *Jove* I'll fetch
you ;

I'll trim your Rascals Jacket, if I catch you.

A I R.

Moore. *Dragon ! Dragon ! thus I dare thee :*

Soon to Atoms thus I'll tear thee ;

Thus thy Insolence subdue.

But regarding where my Dear is,

Then, alas ! I feel what Fear is,

Sweetest Margery for you.

Dragon ! &c.

Dragon

Dragon roars.

Moore. It is not Strength that always wins ;
Good Wit does Strength excel.
Confound the Rascal, how he grins,—
I'll creep into this Well.

[Gets into the Well.

*[Enter Dragon, and goes to the
Well, as to drink.*

Dragon. What nasty Dog has got into the Well,
Disturbs my Drink, and makes the Water
smell.

[Moore within, cries Boh !

A I R.

Dragon. Oho, Mr. Moore,
You Son of a Whore,
I wish I'd known your Tricks before.

*[Moore gets out of the Well, and en-
counters the Dragon.*

Drag. Oh! oh! oh!
The Devil take your Toe.

[Dies.

C H O.

CHORUS.

H U Z Z A!

To him MARGERY.

Marg. Oh, my Conqu'ror ! how d'ye do ?

Moore. Oh, my Charmer ! how are you ?

Marg. Very well, thank you ;

Moore. I'm so too.

Your Eyes were livid, and your Cheeks were
pale ;

But now you look as brisk as bottled Ale.
Give me a Buss.

Marg. Ah, twenty if you please.

Moore. With all my heart, and twenty after these.

D U E T T.

*My sweet Honey suckle, my Joy and Delight,
I'll kiss thee all Day, and I'll hug thee all
Night.*

*My Dearest is made of such excellent Stuff,
I think I shall never have Kissing enough.*

Moore. Now nimbly dance, ye Nymphs and
Swains be gay,

The Dragon's dead, and you may safely play.

A D A N C E

A DIANICE.

Gub. Most mighty *Moore*, what Wonders hast
thou done,

Destroy'd the Dragon, and my *Margery* won,
The Loves of this brave Knight, and my
fair Daughter,

In *Roratorios* shall be sung hereafter.

Begin your Songs of Joy; begin, begin,

And send the *Welkin* with harmonious Din,

CHORUS.

Sing, sing, and rorito,

An Oratorio

To gallant Morio,

Of Moore-Hall.

To Margerena

Of Roth'ram-Greenia,

Beauty's bright Queenia,

Bellow and bawl.

Chorus of H O Z Z A! repeated.

F I N I S.

A D A N C E

